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SAW THE SEA!

by

Claud Leslie Dean



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I SAW THE SEA!



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By
Claud Leslie Dean ✓



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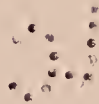
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FOREWORD

I believe that I am better able to cope with the problems of life now, because I have just finished reading "To the Unknown Teacher," a manuscript by Mr. Claude Dean.

In this work-a-day world, with its hustle and bustle of the crowds, it is refreshing to find a friend of man who has a vision of the enjoyment of life through deeds of kindness and expressions of sympathy. The author's keen sympathy with human suffering and his sympathetic understanding of the problems of his teachers have been vitalized by long years of service as a teacher, and by indescribable experiences in No Man's Land. His study and travel in war-torn Europe have given additional reverence to his expressions.

All teachers and those who desire to serve humanity will appreciate the vivid pictures herein portrayed.

C. K. REIFF.

TO THE UNKNOWN TEACHER

"I sing the praise of the Unknown Teacher. Great generals win campaigns, but it is the unknown soldier who wins the war. Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the unknown teacher who delivers and guides the young. He lives in obscurity and contends with hardship. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward.

"Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the republic than the unknown teacher. No one is more worthy to be enrolled in a democratic aristocracy, 'King of himself and servant of mankind.'"

HENRY VAN DYKE

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I SAW THE SEA!

I SAW THE SEA!

I

“IT IS THE UNKNOWN TEACHER
WHO GUIDES THE YOUNG”

YEARS ago Roderick, the king, bade three of his young men—Duncan, Bruce, and Rollo—journey into the west. “Go,” said he, “until you think you have reached the goal set for you, then return bringing me the prize of what you find.”

They sped away; weeks passed. Finally Duncan returned with garments frayed. He had been upon a long journey. He approached the king and said: “O, king Roderick! I have journeyed far across the plains, up the foothills, and climbed the high mountains until I came to the timber line. There I found this wild laurel, and I brought you this wreath.” The king took it but answered him not.

Days later Bruce arrived. He was gaunt with hunger. His clothes were more ragged than those of Duncan. When brought to the king, he saluted and said: “O king! I followed the setting sun as you bade me, over the plains, over the foothills, and up the mountain side. I passed the timber line and climbed on

amid the snows until I reached a high place where jeweled rocks glitter and gold was found. I brought you of the gold and jewels." He poured from his pouch the treasure into the hand of the king, who answered him not.

Many more days passed, when Rollo, almost given up as lost, staggered into the city. His shoes were gone, his feet gashed with the rocks, his clothing in tatters, and his emaciated form bore witness that he was almost starved. He fell prostrate before the city gates. They revived him but he refused food until he could salute the king and answer for his commission. Then, leaning upon a friend and trembling with weakness, he said: "O, king! I have traveled over plains, over foothills and up the mountains. I passed the timber line and the region of perpetual snow. I stood on the summit where the winds are cold as they blow from the ends of the earth. Lo! I have returned to you with empty hands." But his eyes lighted with flame as he cried, "O king Roderick! I SAW THE SEA."

"You are ready for my Legion," said the king

A GREAT cathedral was being built, slowly and with infinite care. Every joint and every crevice was made perfect. Three men who worked on this building were asked what they were doing. The first replied

that he was working for his wages; the second said he was hewing stone; the third answered that he was helping to build a cathedral for the glory of God.

Who was the superior workman? Which one "saw the sea"?

Many workmen as they "homeward plod their weary way," have passed a certain country churchyard, and have seen tombstones, and grass, and yew trees. Gray passed this same country churchyard and saw meanings which gave to the world his beautiful poem—*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. He saw among the dead many "inglorious Miltons"—men who had possessed the power to have done wondrous things had the burden of some vision possessed them.

Millions of people had seen apples fall. Newton saw an apple fall, but he saw something more than the falling of an apple.

Millions of people had seen steam raise the lids of teakettles. Watt saw the steam raise the lid of his mother's teakettle, but he saw more than that.

Multitudes have passed the slums of Chicago and have seen poverty and misery. Jane Addams passed these same slums and "saw the sea."

I fear we have many workmen today who do not see beyond the commonplace; many "inglorious Miltons" who are not possessed by a vision in their work.

Do you desire to be a superior teacher? Organi-

zation is necessary; methods are necessary; devices are necessary; training is necessary; but fundamental to superiority in the schoolroom is a "view of the sea." We Americans like organization, methods, devices, training; but we must not forget that love and radiating personality have a greater place and that place is in the very foundation. There must be some purpose beyond the daily wage, beyond the hewing of stone, to release the power of a personality. Superiority must be linked to something—a vision, a cause. Seeing and shouldering the load have made men great. What would Luther be without his Reformation, Florence Nightingale without her work of mercy, Columbus without his dream, Booker T. Washington without his Tuskegee, Fulton without his steamboat, Paul without his missions? It takes strain to reveal and develop strength. To be superior we must approach our work with the knowledge that we work for something, and that something must be bigger than an envelope.

I am writing this in the hope that someone may catch a glimpse of the "sea"; may realize some way the appeal of some great cause that will unloose the fetters of a slumbering personality; that some "inglorious Milton" will not remain inglorious but will use and develop his talents in helping build "temples" for the ages.

I am using some of my personal experiences that have had an influence in my becoming a teacher and from which I think I can say, "O Master! I saw the sea."

Twice I have been in Europe. I was young when I volunteered for the Air Service and went to France during the War. For six months we were in the conflict before the Armistice. When hostilities were over we went with the Army of Occupation to the interior of Germany, near Coblenz, and spent five more months in the land of our "enemy" before coming home.

In 1922—four years later—I was selected by the Y. M. C. A. as a representative from the University of Oklahoma to make a study tour of ten different countries of war-torn Central Europe. In this group were thirty-nine other college students representing almost every section of the United States.

After a pleasant ocean trip and a brief stay in England and the beautiful neutral country of Holland we entered Germany—entered at midnight. The darkness of that time of night was symbolic of conditions there. One would suppose that the vanquished nation of the mightiest war in history would pay a tremendous price, and they were paying. Morals were at a very, very low ebb; hatreds were growing; suffering was being bravely borne. Hundreds of cemeteries with thousands and thousands of graves, spoke silently of heart-

ache, and torture, and pain. Their economic structure, also, was crumbling.

From Germany we went to Poland and saw the results of war from a different angle. Here was suffering among the innocent—orphans, and refugees, and diseased—living in box cars and hungering or suffering in hospitals, crudely built. I give one specific example that you can multiply ten thousand times and still be short of the total “hell.” In a crude hospital equipped and maintained by Paderewski, the great Polish pianist and humanitarian, were hundreds of babies who had been left orphans. A few nurses were caring for them. We stopped beside one baby who was very ill, lying on a crude pallet on the floor. Its face was burning with fever but it did not cry. With its flushed face and hollow eyes, suffering alone, it looked at us seemingly in one final appeal. Only you who love children know how strongly babies can pull on the heart. This little child, in its baby way, appealed to us to relieve it of its suffering. We could do nothing, but it was not long till a pitying angel came and took it—away. Another little mound on the hillside. “O Master! I saw the sea.”

O yes, this was some other father’s and mother’s baby. But suppose, just suppose, it had been that little blue-eyed baby of yours. Then you probably would say, “’Tis a dear price that you, so sweet, had to pay

for men's hatreds, and jealousies, and lusts. Give us, O give us men who can see the folly of such unnecessary suffering. We need men who can see all people as their brothers and all children as their own. We need men who can replace hatred with love."

In France, the side of the victors, surely would be a picture of happiness.

The battlefields presented broad expanses of once beautiful land now in ruins that will take centuries to reclaim. At Verdun we dined with the French commander in a strong fort underground. He explained the meaning of the motto, **THEY SHALL NOT PASS**, which hung on the dining-room wall, by taking us to a section of the battlefield where one could pick up bones of boys who had been blown to pieces by German shells. The commander's own arm had been shot away. One-half million men were sacrificed in one brief battle—but the enemy **DID NOT PASS**.

Whatever our opinion, there is in the men who give their services, their time, their lives if need be, for something beyond themselves, whether it be for king or country, a quality we can not help but revere. Even in war we honor valor. What a reverence awaits really courageous characters who will lead men to sacrifice just as much for a higher patriotism—a patriotism that will include all their fellow-men—and,

when enemies of humanity attempt to raid, to stand abreast and say, **THEY SHALL NOT PASS.**

Bringing the results nearer home, we visited our shrine of the war—the American cemetery in the Argonne where 25,000 of our choice American boys, beneath 25,000 little crosses, are sleeping on a gently sloping hill. At the summit of that hill Old Glory was waving in the breeze. In honor our hats were removed—instinctively. Here were some fallen flowers of our American manhood. My “buddy” was out there.

A bowed father, who had traveled far, wanted to be shown the grave of his son. I saw him, our countryman, stand with bowed head and through tear-dimmed eyes, contemplate a little cross. I thought of an empty room back home where a mother pined. We can not fathom the anguish for boys who never came back.

Voices! Silent, eloquent voices from beneath the crosses!

*To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.*

The answer that leaped to my mind was to ac-

cept the torch from falling hands and hold it as high as I could. I did not know how I could hold it high, but I wanted to give the warning if men should travel in the night.

I have attempted the very difficult task of trying to picture, with utmost brevity, the depths of pains and agonies and sufferings we saw. War is hell but the aftermath is worse than hell. It is hard to picture one-half million men being blown to pieces in half an hour. It is hard to picture the heart throbs of mothers who sacrificed their sons. It is hard to picture orphan children living in box cars, starving and dying. But see them and you can't forget; yet just seeing them is not enough. Once you see and feel the need we have of men—men who are trained and have courage and character to live nobly—and your zeal to train and guide the young will be kindled.

At Geneva the League of Nations was in operation. Here was an attempt, through the ideal of Woodrow Wilson, to unite the efforts of nations in trying to solve their problems. Not only would they attack war and try to eliminate it with all its accompanying evils, but they would attack other major problems as well. War is bad, but so is disease that takes millions of lives. War is bad, but so is international injustice. War is bad, but so is ignorance. These problems with many, many others would be attacked through the efforts of

nations that would unite. But—the character of its men marches ahead of an institution's laws.

We witnessed the Passion Play of Oberammergau, given every ten years by the simple folk of Bavaria in keeping a vow of their forefathers. For eight hours we saw the drama of the Passion week of Christ's life enacted by those peasant actors. They held their audience spellbound because the theme was of the life of one who taught men how to live. What a contrast to what we had been seeing in our studies! He loved instead of hating—loved even his enemies. He had compassion for the suffering of the widow, and the naked, and the hungry, and the criminal, and the poor. He, instead of fighting for power and fame, became a servant, even lowly enough to wash people's feet. Instead of living a jealous, selfish life, he trusted and lived for others. Instead of causing babies and men to die, he came that all might have abundant life. He put his hope in men and trained twelve of them. Perhaps here was a "torch" to hold high.

It was during a week's seclusion in the quiet, easy, academic atmosphere of Oxford that we had time to reconstruct and give meaning to our experiences. I withdrew with a feeling that though the human race has much to admire, it has much to improve. I felt there was a need for more and broader human sympathies. I pitied those who suffer because hatreds and greeds rule

in place of love. I desired to help adjust things so that later generations might live more happily. I felt, at first, a hopelessness; I was oppressed by the futility of trying to do anything because the task was so gigantic and I could do so little. But I had promised falling comrades; I had promised innocent babies. What was I to do?

I was drawn to a pathetic figure. I was drawn to the Man of Many Sorrows. He gave me my philosophy.

Three things I had held as beliefs before, developed into convictions of which I was sure.

First—The solution of the world's problems rests only in men, and the greater the problems the greater the need for real men. There is a Chinese proverb which says if you would plan for a year, plant grain; if you would plan for ten years, plant trees; if you would plan for one hundred years, plant men. The mills of the gods have always ground slowly. Permanent good takes time.

He who is engaged in the task of building men is engaged in the greatest work in the world. The banker deals with money, the manufacturer with raw material things, but the builder of men deals with immortal souls. These souls, trained and possessing character, form the basis of a permanent solution to our problems.

Second—I was convinced that if the part I played in the great cooperative effort of building men was to

be rendered with any meaning, I would have to sacrifice. The meaning of our freedom, our faith, our hope, our mothers, rests upon sacrifice.

Much of my human nature, too, would have to be broken. I had, so humanly, wanted to be famous and powerful and do popular things, quickly. I realized I would have to be content with being un-sung, and doing little things, patiently.

*"O Master! I would play the violin!
Pray try me; I am really not unskilled."
The Master with a patient gesture stilled
The ardent voice. "The music must begin.
Seest thou, for violins I have no need?
Back to the wood-wind; take thine own bassoon
And play thy part."*

*The strings were all in tune,
The brasses ready; still the voice did plead
"O Master! I play only three short bars."*

*"Thou playest the bassoon well.
No more entreat.
The three short bars are needed to complete
The music that shall lift men to the stars."*

*O Soul! play well the few notes given thee!
The Master needs them for life's symphony.*

Third—I looked forward and was convinced that there is no joy to compare with the joy that comes from a life well spent. He who gains the respect of his fellow-men and the love of little children, in helping build men for the ages, can “lie down to pleasant dreams.” I coveted those dreams.

I close this first chapter by re-echoing the silent voices of our comrades who sleep “in Flanders Fields”; by trying to arouse for Gold Star mothers a responsive heart throb; by trying to make real to you the appeal from suffering babies’ eyes. These tragic things will continue until men return with empty hands and say, “O Master! I view the sea.”

To me they plead for men. Institutions do not fail; it is our men who fail. The most perfect plan in the world will fail if the men fail, and the most perfect plan in the world will not work unless we have the men to make it work. The mightier the machine the mightier must be the men required to run it. To keep abreast of our fast-moving civilization WE NEED MEN.

*God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
ready hands.*

*Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;*

*Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie.*

I believe in leagues of nations; I believe in disarmament conferences; I believe in institutions of mercy; I believe in the state; I believe in the church. But I also believe that the effectiveness of all these is reduceable to the character of the men who compose them. The peace and happiness and security of the world are going to be fashioned around blackboards, pews, and apron strings. My hope is in men. Therefore I am a teacher helping to build men.

*Bring me men to match my mountains;
Bring me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose,
And new eras in their brains.
Bring me men to match my prairies,
Men to match my inland seas,
Men whose thoughts shall pave a highway
Up to ampler destinies;
Pioneers to clear thought's marshlands,
And to cleanse old Error's fen;
Bring me men to match my mountains—
BRING ME MEN.**

**The Coming American*, by Sam Walter Foss, in *Whiffs from Wild Meadows*. By permission of Lathrop, Lee and Shepherd, publishers.

II

“HE LIVES IN OBSCURITY AND CONTENTS WITH HARDSHIP”

I DON'T know what urges you to teach. I don't know what vision you get from your experiences.

I only know our pupils deserve our best and we can not give our best until we work for something deep down in our nature that understands. For obtaining this understanding, or vision, no rules can be applied, no methods devised, for it transcends rules and methods. A few catch it as they journey—many never do. If it comes at all I think it comes as a gleam—and this gleam does not always come from mountain tops. Sometimes it comes from the valley of some deep experience; or one may be born with the gift; or it may grow as we work.

For Joan of Arc this gleam came in the form of a vision. She was asked the secret of the invincibility of her white banner, to which she replied, “I send my banner forward against the enemy, and then I follow it myself.” A simple peasant girl became the heroine of France—a martyr to her vision.

Margaret Sanger sat beside the bed of a poor mother and saw her die giving birth to a child whose

coming she believed would have wrecked their poverty stricken home. Mrs. Sanger plodded home, dazed, clutching her nurse's case. Her husband and three children were asleep. She stood at a window, thinking, until dawn—"Now I know what I must do," she said.

I teach among the poor—people who live in hovels. I have one little pupil with deep brown eyes who would be beautiful had she but half a chance. Her parents are dirty and ignorant. One cold winter day her little baby sister died in their cold, cheerless home, virtually frozen to death. I saw this little girl come slowly across the school-yard, weeping. She came to her school—and her teacher—for a little sympathy. She was so pathetic and so alone. I could feel her hungering heart as it reached out for some one to love and understand her. I wish I could, for her sake, make you feel how longingly she waits for someone to catch the gleam. Jesus must have yearned for Peter to catch that gleam when he asked three times: "Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs."

ALMOST any one can go through a teacher's daily routine, but to be an artist and work with meaning we must have understood; we must have "viewed the sea"; we must have seen the gleam. When this

has come then we will "follow the gleam" and our personalities will glow and our lives will have meaning.

A violin string, lying on the table, as a person without a vision, is worthless. But place it in position on a violin, put it under terrific strain and give Kreisler the bow—then it is ready for its part in life's symphony.

Sir Launfal started out in youth to search for the Holy Grail. He saw a beggar at the gate and threw some gold at his feet. What happened? The beggar spurned the gold and remained a beggar. After long years of searching and learning to understand, the knight returned and found a beggar at the gate again. This time he did not have gold to give—but he had something better. He took his last crust of bread and went HIMSELF and shared his crust and drink with the beggar. Lo! the crust of bread became the finest cake, the water changed into the finest wine, and the beggar was the Savior.

It may be just a story but it is sound philosophy. We must sacrifice if we expect to build men. Light comes from burning things. Something must be consumed or there is no light. If we expect to be radiant for our pupils the preparation and teaching of each lesson—all our actions—must be freighted with ourselves. If our efforts have not been burned into what we do there can be no light.

A young teacher, like Father Damien, visited a

leper colony and felt how badly they needed some one to bring them cheer. She knew if she chose to serve them, it would probably mean contracting the dreaded disease and death, but she chose to serve. She gathered the lepers together in a choir and trained them to sing. Do you imagine their music would have a depth of meaning? A man who had but a stump of a finger left on his hand played the violin. A visitor who heard this choir sing remarked: "God, what music!"

The beautiful Hawaiian music is a product of the lepers. The Negro spirituals have come from bondage of Negro slaves.

Gandhi, desiring to help lift millions of wretched untouchables of India was in London for a conference. He could have enjoyed the hospitality of the king, but he chose to sleep on a crude bed with the poor. His life has meaning for his people but he pays for that meaning.

David Livingstone took light to the savages of darkest Africa, but his heart is buried there under the trees.

Martyrs have meaning because they have placed themselves on the altar.

We saw portrayed the Passion Week of One who is the "Light of the World," but the wick of that "Light" is dipped in the blood of a cross.

We may not be called upon to give our physical

life to be an effective teacher, but we must put life into our work to give it meaning. The value of things does not depend on bigness; it depends on how much of life is put into them. Even a crust of bread, even a cup of cold water, even a widow's mite are valuable because of sacrifice they represent.

It is this philosophy that gives motherhood its meaning. Mother gives so much of herself to her children, and because she gives herself, motherhood is one of civilization's most precious things.

When the child is ill somehow even mother's look has a meaning—somehow mother's touch is soothing. When the eldest son is a "black sheep" and has committed a great crime for which he is to be hanged and the world turns against him,—does his mother? Not on your life. If anything she loves him more. If he needs money to fight for his life, the world will probably turn him down; but mother will sell the home, the furniture, everything, to get money to fight for her boy. When he loses and must hang:

*"I know whose love would follow him still
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine."*

As he is led away to be hanged, mother will cling to him pleading to die in place of her first-born. Truly the way of love, but mothers travel that way.

Enshrined forever in my treasure house of memories are not teachings of great scholars but wee bits of old songs my mother sang, children's prayers at eventide, the caress of calloused hands that worked for me. My hat is off, my head reverently bowed at the shrine of earth's greatest teachers—mothers.

A true teacher—a radiant teacher, a builder of men—has the spirit of motherhood.

Everything dear our race possesses—homes, churches, schools, freedom—have all cost dearly. If we could understand their foundations, we could understand that light comes from burning things.

SOMETIMES, in our impatience, we may overlook the value of little things we can do. At the time they seem little but they may be very significant.

The stars look small viewed from our earth—but they are not small.

Did ever ship of many tons, through whose port-holes glisten mighty cannons, carry such cargo as did a little basket, length three feet, floating on the river Nile?

The parsonage is on fire. All are out and safe except one small child. He is in danger of being burned to death when two peasants form a ladder and down their shoulders crawls—John Wesley! Making a peas-

ant ladder was a small thing to do but ask millions of Methodists on either side of the sea whether it meant anything!

“It had been a dull year in the church where Moffat was converted. The deacons finally said to the old pastor: ‘We love you, pastor, but don’t you think you had better resign? There hasn’t been a convert this year.’ ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘it has been a dull year—sadly dull to me. Yet I mind me that one did come, wee Bobby Moffat. But he is so wee a lad that I suppose it is not right to count him.’ A few years later Bobby came to the pastor and said, ‘Pastor, do you think that I could ever learn to preach? I feel within here something that tells me that I ought to. If I could just lead souls to Christ, that would be happiness to me.’ The pastor answered, ‘Well, Bobby, you might; who knows? At least you can try!’ He did try, and years later when Robert Moffat came back from his wonderful work in Africa, the King of England rose and uncovered in his presence, and the British Parliament stood as a mark of respect. The humble old preacher who had but one convert, and who was so discouraged, is dead and forgotten, and yet that was the greatest year’s work he ever did—and few have equaled it.”*

Paul was sought to be killed. The soldiers had

*From *5000 Best Modern Illustrations*, by G. B. F. Hallock. Permission of Harper and Brothers, publishers.

located the house in which he was hiding. They were upon him; but a friend held a rope and let him down through the window in a basket. A little thing to hold a rope but was it important?

“In a remote district of Wales a baby boy lay dangerously ill. The widowed mother walked five miles through the night in a drenching rain to get the doctor. He hesitated about making the unpleasant trip. He questioned, ‘Would it pay?’ He knew he would receive no money for his services; and, besides, the child, if his life was saved, would no doubt become a poor laborer. But love for humanity, and a sense of professional duty, conquered, and the little life was saved. Little did that doctor dream that that life was the future Prime Minister of England—David Lloyd George.”*

I have a curly-haired boy just four years old. Next year I shall entrust him to a kindergarten teacher. I hope his teacher will understand, that though he is small sitting there before her in his little chair, he represents to me much more than all earthly things I possess.

THE story of Margaret of New Orleans is simple. “A husband and wife, fresh Irish immigrants, died in Baltimore of yellow fever, leaving their infant, named Margaret, upon the charity of the community—an orphan. A sturdy young Welsh couple, who had

*Ibid.

crossed the ocean with the Irish immigrants, took the little orphan and cared for her as if she were their own child. They kept her with them until she married a young Irishman in her own rank of life. Failing health forced the husband to remove to the warmer climate of New Orleans, and finally, for the sake of the sea voyage, to sail to Ireland, where he died. Shortly afterwards, Margaret, in New Orleans, lost her baby. To make a living, she engaged as laundress in the St. Charles Hotel. At twenty this was her equipment to do great things.

“The sisters of a neighboring asylum were at the time in great straits to provide for the orphans in their charge, and they were struggling desperately to build a larger house, which was becoming daily more necessary to them. The childless widow, Margaret, went to the superior and offered her humble services and a share of her earnings. They were most gratefully accepted. From her savings at the laundry, Margaret bought two cows, and opened a dairy, delivering the milk herself. Every morning, year after year in rain or shine, she drove her cart the rounds of her trade. Returning she would gather up the cold victuals which she begged from the hotels, and these she would distribute among the asylums in need. And many a time it was only this food that kept hunger from the orphans. It was during those deadly periods of the great epi-

demics, when children were orphaned by the thousands, that the new larger asylum was commenced; and in ten years, Margaret's dairy pouring its profits steadily into the exchequer, was completed and paid for. The dairy was enlarged, and more money was made, out of which an infant asylum—her baby house, as Margaret called it—was built; and then the St. Elizabeth training asylum for grown girls. With all this, Margaret still could save money to invest. One of her debtors, a baker, failing, she was forced to accept his establishment for his debt. She therefore dropped her dairy and took to baking, substituting the bread for the milk cart. She furnished the orphan asylums at so low a price and gave away so much bread in charity that it is surprising that she made any money at all; but every year brought an increase in business, and an enlargement of her original establishment which grew in time into a factory worked by steam. It was situated in the business center of the city, and Margaret, always sitting in the open doorway of her office, and always good-humored and talkative, became an integral part of the business world about her. No one could pass without a word with her; and, as it was said, no enterprise that she endorsed ever failed. She was consulted as an infallible oracle by all—ragamuffins, paper boys, porters, clerks; even by her neighbors, the great merchants and bankers, all calling her "Margaret" and nothing more.

She never dressed otherwise than in calico and never wore any other head-covering than a sunbonnet. She never learned to read or write and never could distinguish one figure from another. She signed with a mark the will that distributed her thousands of dollars to the orphan asylums of the city.

“When she died, it seemed as if people could not believe it. Margaret dead! Why, each one had just seen her, talked to her, consulted her, asked her for something, received something from her! The news of the death of any one else in the city would have been received with more credulity. But the papers all appeared in mourning. Every business house in New Orleans closed that day. After her leaving, a statue was erected to her memory.

“All the dignitaries of the State and City were at the unveiling of the statue. A thousand orphans, representing every asylum in the city, occupied the seats of honour; a delegation of them pulled the cords that held the canvas covering over the marble and, as it fell, and ‘Margaret’ appeared, their delight led the loud shout of joy and the hand-clapping.

“The dedication speech expressed their feeling for all time: ‘To those who look with concern upon the moral situation of the hour, and fear that human action finds its sole motive today in selfishness and greed, who imagine that the world no longer yields homage

save to fortune and power the scene affords comfort and cheer. When we see the people of this great city meet without distinction of age, rank, or creed, with one heart to pay tribute of love and respect to the humble woman who passed her quiet life among us under the simple name of "Margaret," we come fully to know, to feel, and to appreciate, the matchless power of a life well spent. 'The substance of her life was charity; the spirit of it, truth; the strength of it, religion; the end, peace—then fame and immortality.' '*

A true story of what one poor, unlettered, orphan girl did when, from her deep life experiences she had "viewed the sea," and toiled in sacrifice for the orphans of New Orleans.

Teachers—and all those engaged in building men—may we deepen our understanding that there is no calling greater! May we catch a gleam of the mighty significance of what we are doing!

*From Grace King, *New Orleans, the Place and the People*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

III

“HE AWAKENS SLEEPING SPIRITS”

“I do not know that I could make entirely clear to an outsider the pleasure I have in teaching. I had rather earn my living by teaching than in any other way. In my mind, teaching is not merely a life work, a profession, an occupation, a struggle; it is a passion. I love to teach.

“I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race. Teaching is an art.”

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

“THERE is a certain type of teacher who turns out a well trained class every year. She stays year after year in the same grade, doing the same thing in the same way, and getting good results. She meets all the requirements of the school and maintains a high standard of efficiency, but she does nothing more. She has reached her growth—her standards are high but they are fixed.

“There is another type of teacher who teaches as well as the former. She meets all the requirements of the school, and turns out at the end of the year an equally well trained class, but she does something more. She affixes on each child the mark of positive and dynamic personality. If that impress reflects high motives

and spiritual greatness, such a teacher has set a standard of excellence which cannot be measured in terms of diplomas or credits. This is the superior teacher.

“In a certain church I have often viewed with reverence a picture back of the pulpit. Mankind is assembled in a beautiful setting of rolling country, while Christ, the central figure, pleads, with outstretched hands and benign countenance, ‘Come unto Me.’ Back of this stained glass on which the scene is depicted is a special arrangement of lighting. Once I saw this picture when the light was off. The figures were cold and lifeless; the outlines were indistinct; the colors were heavy and dull. The impression produced was one of distant coldness. Again, I saw the picture when the light was on. Now it was transfused with brilliancy of color; the dull outlines became clear and distinct; the figures glowed with warmth and life.

“The dynamic teacher, who takes advantage of all the means of improvement at her command, with a will to apply the results in her daily work, kindles a light that shines through her personality and enlivens the spirit in the child. The light of inspiration transforms the teacher from a mere instructor to a vitalizing force in the child’s life. The superior teacher is a good teacher with THE LIGHT TURNED ON.”*

**The Teacher’s Margin of Value*, by David A. Ward, in *Normal Instructor and Primary Plans*—April, 1928.

NO better example of a superior teacher can be taken than that of the Great Teacher. No other one has been quite so radiant and vital. Thirty years of his life were spent in growing in stature and increasing in favor with God and man. He had compassion for humanity, weeping for those who suffered, grieving over men's poverty of spirit. He was not so concerned that men did not have bread—he was concerned that they did not have the Bread of Life. He wanted men to have life—abundant life. He dedicated himself to his task and was led into the wilderness to be tempted. So are we tempted.

The temptation was presented to change the stones into bread but he chose to live by the words that proceeded from the mouth of God. He recognized the wealth of something beyond things—beyond material possessions. He recognized a higher appetite than the appetite for bread.

The next temptation was to become publicised, in a cheap way, by displaying his power. He could have made the front pages. He could have become popular, but he chose to be real and true though it meant being misunderstood.

Then he was given the opportunity of becoming King of all the nations of the earth. He could have been famous and popular and powerful. His soldiers could have forced all nations to bow to him. Easily

he could have solved the problem of the poor, for whom he had such great compassion and concern, by providing them with palaces, and food, and clothing. He could have been a great success. In his wisdom, though, he chose to become a servant. He chose to suffer and remain poor with not where to lay his head. He chose the hard way of Gethsemane. He chose the rugged way of the cross. He chose the way of love. But his every act was laden with meaning; even his touch could heal. When he walked with the two men on their way to Emmaus he talked to them. After he had gone they said, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way?" The "light" was turned on.

I once taught with a teacher who was radiant and vital in her work. She brought to the classroom a "margin of value" that will shine back through the years. This teacher, besides maintaining high standards of preparations, and recitations, and drills, brought something more—a radiating personality. She was not required by the school to teach natural science at all, but she was joyful in observing nature. She and the children gathered moths, birds' nests, eggs, and flowers with a great deal of interest. Through her was transmitted to the children a love of nature.

Later I was visiting in the community and found a family purchasing a set of reference books. The mother said they were getting this set of books for their boy

because he hungered for all the material he could get about nature. This boy knew all the birds in that vicinity, their habits and haunts and their beautiful songs. He also knew the trees and plants and loved them. His desire for knowledge about them could not be satisfied. He loved nature. Here were the beginnings of a naturalist. Here was the living realization of that margin of value, that personal element that was not required.

“WHAT I need,” says Emerson, “is someone to make me do what I can.”

Many people surprise themselves and their friends after they have been aroused. A prominent judge in one of our western cities, in middle life, was working in a blacksmith shop. He heard a lecture one night on the value of education. Now, as judge, he has the best library in his city and is recognized as one of its best read men—a leader in all its worthy civic undertakings.

I knew of an ignorant, unpromising young man nineteen years of age who talked to a teacher. This young man was picking cotton one day when he picked up his sack, went to the boss and said: “I am going to school.” He finished the common school, then high school and entered the university to study theology. Today he is a respected leader in his state in his calling.

Marshall Field was a miserable failure in his first

job in a store. Said the owner of the store to young Marshall's father: "Take him back to the farm, Mr. Field, for he will never make a merchant." Watch him after he visits Chicago and sees the large establishments and is aroused. He becomes the Prince of Merchants.

Simple fisher folk, after they have been with the Master Teacher, became forces the Roman Empire could not destroy.

When spirits are kindled we can not tell what will happen. We can not measure the limits of influence when a soul has been set aflame, for it becomes a part of the indestructible ages.

As teachers we shepherd many children. One could wish for no greater opportunity of serving for when we paint achievement as a great adventure and the light of our personality shines through the picture, some adventurous one may be fired with a zeal to achieve. When a child's spirit has been aroused to explore we can not tell what unknown seas it will visit. Teaching is an adventure into the land of childhood to awaken great spirits that sleep and bid them arise and achieve in the service of their king.

IV

“THIS IS HIS REWARD”

AROUND any institution where there are workers it is easy to tell when it is pay day. There is a joyous feeling among the laborers. Every one smiles just a little easier; is more courteous and talks freer; is just a little happier. All this is perfectly natural and is as it should be. The laborer is worthy of his hire and should rejoice when he is rewarded for his services.

Some time ago an editor wrote to an aged man, asking him this question: “What things have you done in your life that have brought you the greatest pleasure and happiness?” This was the answer: “What I have done for the good of other people.” Then he quoted, “It is not by what you try to get out of the world that your life will be enriched; it is by what you give to the world.”

A certain teacher in one of our state high schools, who has spent more than thirty-five years guiding the young, came into the school room one day aglow with happiness. Tears of utter and inexpressible joy were in her eyes. She had just had a pay day. The previous evening, a man, bringing his family with him, had driven



hundreds of miles to express to her his appreciation for what she had meant to him when he was her pupil years before. He was now a successful man, influential in his community. To the teacher it was a pleasure beyond expressing to know that her life had a meaning in broadening the horizon for this man. That was, indeed, her pay day.

A true story is told by one of our late educational leaders—a late college president—of what happened in a small school in a New England state. In this district a gang of rowdy boys delighted in causing trouble, even going so far as to make a sport of running every teacher away before the school year was over. The school board decided to call upon a teacher's agency for the largest, strongest teacher it could get in hopes that he would be able to handle this gang. The agency, not having such a teacher, sent them instead a frail, bespectacled, but earnest looking young man. This teacher, wiser than he looked, visited the district some days before school was to begin and found out about the leader of the gang. Among other things, he found out that this boy's greatest delight was hunting. On Friday the teacher visited the home of this leader and in a very tactful way arranged for a day of hunting with the boy.

The following Monday morning when the teacher was preparing for the day's work, he heard through an open window the leader rounding up the gang and warn-

ing them that the one who "started anything" with that teacher would sure "hub trouble" for they were pals. The teacher stayed till the end of the term.

Years later in the west, as an official of his State Association, this same frail, bespectacled, teacher had the pleasure of introducing as a convention speaker, this same leader of the rowdy gang who was now the Commissioner of Education of the United States. That was pay day.

When we approach the retirement age if we have that inward satisfaction that we have lived for something beyond ourselves; if friends bring us flowers and seek our presence because they love us for what we have meant to them, we have a reward for which kings would give their realms. This is real happiness. This is the reward of a life that "views the sea"—that mysterious sea of struggling humanity—then sacrifices in manning the life-boats to the vessels in distress and rejoices when passengers are brought safely home.

In a little log cabin of Kentuckians, whence you would not expect mighty things, a pioneer mother lay dying. She called a little boy to her side and, placing her arms around him and looking so knowingly into his eyes, said: "Get larnin', Abe; study hard; think of mother." Could that mother have lived to see that little boy chosen to occupy the most honored position our people can bestow and have heard him say, "All

that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother," she would have been rewarded beyond the price of rubies. It may be her pay day is deferred for some glorious morning, but her pay is drawing interest—interest compounded, for millions of other people have been made better because of the example of this great, good man. They have been made better because he had a big heart and could sympathize with his fellow-men, because he had the spirit of motherhood, because he traveled the way of love, because his life is on the altar of his gleam.

I HAVE finished. I have told you nothing new, perhaps nothing you did not already know. I have desired to pay a tribute to the real teachers who are not working for praise or fame but are content to give of themselves that others may see the light and live happier, and fuller, and freer lives. Also I have intensely desired that those who are in the process of developing a philosophy toward their work may catch a glimpse of some vision, and that they may feel the sacredness of the privilege of living with little children whose little eyes look to them for a glowing personality. How longingly the world waits for the awakened talents these little boys and girls possess! Dear Teacher, if you would be radiant to the little ones who look to you, you must choose the way of love and walk in that way with abandon. It may

mean that you will have to remain poor in things—but you will be rich in spiritual power. It may mean that you will have to suffer—but you will find abiding joy. It may mean giving yourself as a servant—but you will be a king.

For the sake of those whose tongues are silent; of those whose hearts have bled; of appealing baby eyes; of those who are poor; of those who are waiting for you to understand: may these words arouse in you some responsive chord, and may your eyes light with flame as you stand and say, “O Master! I see the sea!”

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